

AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

September 1937

"I Serve"



R. DRUCE HORSFALL



"THE NEW WOODCUT," BY MALCOLM C. SALAMAN, STUDIO PUBLICATIONS, INC.

THE LAST SHEAF IN NORMANDY

By Le Meilleur

In Normandy, from ancient times until recently, the last sheaf of the wheat harvest was cut down with great ceremony. In Putanges, the land owner was thrown down and tied up in the sheaf. He was not released until he promised to give the reapers a fine dinner.

The spirit of the grain is supposed to take refuge in the last sheaf, and when that is cut, to enter someone or something close by. Quail nest in the wheat, and reapers cutting the last sheaf shout "Catch the quail!" and pretend to chase the grain spirit in the bird.

Thomas W. Gosling, National Director

W. S. Gard, Assistant National Director

A Guide for Teachers

By RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The September News in the School

The Classroom Index

The contents of this issue of the magazine may be found helpful in the following classes:

Art:

"Cardinals" (Front Cover), "The Last Sheaf in Normandy"

Auditorium:

"Harvest Festivals in Poland," "From Friend to Friend." For suggestions about Christmas Boxes see the September page of the Program of Activities and page 3 of this Guide.

English:

"The Girl Who Wouldn't Read," "Write to Us," "A Lizard's Adventure," "The Lizard and the Jack in the Pulpit," "Alice and the River"

Geography:

England—"The Franklin Tree"
 France—"The Last Sheaf in Normandy"
 Holland—"The Courage of Michael de Ruyter" (Don't forget Masfield's Poem "Cargoes.")
 Morocco—"The Courage of Michael de Ruyter"
 Poland—"Harvest Festivals in Poland"
 Sicily—"Program Picture"
 Switzerland—"Accidents Will Happen"
 United States—"The Girl Who Wouldn't Read," "The Franklin Tree," "Behind the Scenes," "For Keeps," "In the North My Homeland Lies," "Alice and the River," "The Woodpecker and the Giant's Shoe"
 Other Countries—"From Round the World"

History:

"Behind the Scenes"

Health:

"From Round the World." Cf. activity on September PROGRAM page under "Health—World."

Nature Study:

"Cardinals," "The Franklin Tree," "The Woodpecker and the Giant's Shoe"

Primary:

"Alice and the River," "The Unwise Owl," "The Woodpecker and the Giant's Shoe"—these special features for the youngest readers printed in a larger type have been placed all together at the back of the magazine, so that the young members may have a stronger sense of a part of the magazine distinctly theirs.

Reading:

Use the first of each pair of questions to help pupils get at the point of each feature, and the second as basis for class conversation.

1. What made Kah-da-toon want to read? 2. What value would reading be to her?

1. Why for a time were there only two Franklin trees in the world? 2. Name some trees and plants that are native to your state and some that were brought in from other places.

1. What did the Bey of Morocco decide about Michael de Ruyter? 2. Tell some example you know of a person who stood up for what he felt was right.

1. Why did the states need a federal constitution? 2. How many senators and how many representatives does your state have in Congress?

1. Describe a harvest festival in Poland. 2. Make up a pantomime play portraying the principal scenes in a Polish harvest festival.

1. What new ideas about Alaska do the school correspondence letters give you? 2. What mistaken impressions have you met concerning your own section of the United States?

1. What is a Junior Red Cross Christmas box? 2. Give the play "From Friend to Friend" in an assembly or in your class room.

1. What Junior Red Cross activity reported is like one which your class has carried out? 2. Choose a local, a national, and an international service for your room.

1. How many different things to increase health have Junior Red Cross members "Round the World" done? 2. Find some health or safety need in your school with which you can help.

1. How did Alice come to have a pet named Calypso? 2. Tell some pleasant adventures you have had in the dark.

1. What got the better of the owl? 2. Have you ever heard anyone act like this owl?

1. Where does the woodpecker make his nest in the desert? 2. Where does he make his nest in your part of the country?

1. Where is the girl of Sicily going? 2. Talk over the Junior Red Cross activities on the September PROGRAM page.

1. How does the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS look different from the way it looked last year? 2. Write a letter to the NEWS about your Junior Red Cross.

Suggestions for Units

Animals or pets:

"Alice and the River," "The Unwise Owl," "The Woodpecker and the Giant's Shoe"

Children of Other Lands:

"The Girl Who Wouldn't Read," "The Courage of Michael de Ruyter," "In the North My Homeland Lies," "From Round the World"

Education or School Life:

"The Girl Who Wouldn't Read"

Exploration and the Advance of Civilization:

"The Girl Who Wouldn't Read," "The Franklin Tree," "The Courage of Michael de Ruyter," "In the North My Homeland Lies"

Foods:

"In the North My Homeland Lies"

Gardens, trees, plants:

"The Franklin Tree"

Holidays:

"The Last Sheaf in Normandy," "Harvest Festival in Poland," "Christmas Boxes"

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Developing Program Activities for September

With and For One Another

THE phrase used for central emphasis this year in the JUNIOR RED CROSS PROGRAM is "Work with and for One Another." Sometimes members, Junior as well as adult, speak of doing things "for the Red Cross," expressing their good will and confidence in the organization. It is more accurate, however, to think of the Red Cross as their instrument for accomplishment. With millions of others, all members of the Red Cross are working together for humanitarian ends.

The PROGRAM this year gives an opportunity to build this sense of cooperative endeavor among the Junior members. They are insiders, not outsiders.

This key phrase emphasizes the fact that those helped as well as the helpers can all make constructive contributions. Call attention to such suggestions as: "Help them to find opportunities for community service"; "Young members, invite the first grade to join you in some Junior Red Cross activity."

Be on the lookout for similar ideas throughout succeeding pages of the PROGRAM.

A Clear Cut Plan

A letter sent out last year to schools of Washington, D. C., from the Junior Red Cross office of the Chapter, reviewing the general facts of Junior Red Cross enrollment and activity, is given in part here for the help it will be to teachers in other places.

To Friends of the Junior Red Cross:

A year of service opens before us. The following statements indicate a general outline of administration and activities.

I. Administration

A. Junior Red Cross Committee

The business of the Junior Red Cross is carried on by a Junior Red Cross Committee, with a chairman appointed with the advice of the public school administration.

B. Headquarters

The Junior Red Cross has an office in the Chapter House. Buttons and posters will be distributed from the Chapter office; and all business in connection with the national Junior Red Cross should go through the Chapter office.

C. Junior Red Cross Council

The Junior Red Cross Council is composed of pupil representatives from public and private schools enrolled and meets once a month.

D. Enrollment of Schools

1. A school enrolls as a unit. Pupils join individually through service.

2. Enrollment costs an elementary school fifty cents for each room in the building, and each room receives one subscription to the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS and all the membership privileges.

3. Two copies of the enrollment card, with a check for the exact amount necessary for enrollment, made payable to "Junior Red Cross," should be sent as early as possible after the opening of school to the Chairman or Vice Chairman of this Committee.

II. Service Fund

A. Purpose of:

1. Enrollment of the school in Junior Red Cross

2. To enable the local school to carry on its activities of service

3. As part of the District Chapter and National Red Cross to cooperate in community and national service

B. Method of Raising:

Any self-sacrificing or cooperative method that the school may devise under the direction of the teacher. No certain amount should be required and no pressure should be exerted upon any group or individual for contribution.

III. Activities

A. Within the school:

Wherever possible the Junior Red Cross activities within the building shall be carried on by the pupils themselves. Organize a Junior Red Cross Council; have them work through their own committees—one committee to cheer the sick, another to provide entertainment for hospitals or institutions for the care of children or the aged. Much of the work can be done in the regular program.

B. Within the neighborhood

Help the members to find the needs of those around them and to make a real beginning in civic service.

C. In connection with the National Red Cross

As members of the Junior Red Cross, pupils also have opportunities for national and international cooperation in service—for men in government hospitals, children in schools for the blind, or children in disaster stricken areas of our own and other countries.

A New Junior Red Cross Pageant

A new Junior Red Cross pageant, "Service and Love," has been mimeographed for free distribution. It was prepared by Miss Ellen M. Phillips, Principal of Public School No. 188, New York City, and Miss Anna Kaufman of the same school, and portrays the program of service and world good will as carried out through classroom and extra-classroom activities. If you are hunting some new idea for Junior Red Cross assemblies this fall, you should find it helpful.

Getting the Service Fund Started

You will find suggestions on the pages of the PROGRAM of ways in which schools can build their own Service Fund. An interesting report is given here:

From the Washington School, Modesto, California, to a school in New Zealand.

"Our class had a Junior Red Cross candy sale this winter. We worked several weeks on it. Miss Milberry, our class teacher, chose a chairman and the chairman chose a committee. After we had it all planned we chose five individual committees.

"One was the Publicity Committee. That committee made posters to take around to each room and we made notices to send home to the children's parents, telling about the sale. There was a committee to make the aprons the children were to wear who sold candy. The committee made aprons, head bands and arm bands.

"There was a committee to decorate boxes in which the girls carried the candy. There was a committee of boys to make the stand.

"There was a committee to take care of the candy and money that was brought. We brought some candy; the children brought some home-made candy and we made some in the cafeteria.

"After working so long we sold out in about three and one-half minutes. We made \$14.00. The newspaper man came down and took our pictures."

International Junior Red Cross Activities

FOR groups recently enrolled in Junior Red Cross, a review of international school correspondence and the preparation of Christmas boxes is given this month.

School Correspondence

A. Finding a Correspondent:

1. Write for a list of countries open for new pairings with United States schools at the time you want to begin your correspondence.

2. In sending the first album either state a first, second, and third choice of country, or specify the type of country you would like; that is, coastal, mountainous, cold, temperate, or warm, etc.

B. Form and Size of Correspondence:

1. Correspondence should be sent in the form of an album with the letters mounted on the pages, and with appropriate illustrations.

2. Because of postal regulations in other countries, the weight should not exceed two pounds, and one pound is better.

3. The album should never be larger than 12" x 14" and 10" x 12" is better.

4. Pages tear out too easily if fastened with metal rings. Albums can be bound, or sewed, or tied with laces, ribbon, or heavy cord.

5. The Red Cross symbol should be displayed either on the cover or the inside title page.

6. If the album is given a title, it is better printed, embroidered, painted, or written on the cover, rather than pasted on. Cut-out letters practically always rub off during their long travels.

C. Contents:

1. There should always be one letter of friendly greeting and some reference to the work of the Junior Red Cross in the school from which the album comes. This gives an immediate basis of acquaintance and helps keep ideals clear. Usually an interesting description of one or two selected Junior Red Cross activities makes better composition than merely a catalog or statistical report of all that a school is doing.

2. Besides this initial letter, there should be several others on subjects of educational value. A first album is more easily placed if these other letters describe the school and the community; in other words, letters that will help the groups who are meeting in this way for the first time to feel acquainted.

In succeeding albums, some one interesting topic is usually divided into parts among members of the class, and their letters and the illustrations develop this central topic. The topic should be one that will serve to interpret our country to Junior Red Cross members of other countries. Watch the PROGRAM pages for suggestions.

It should, also, be a topic that interests the writers, so that they will put their personality into their letters. Occasionally albums show that the pupils have not enjoyed making them. Often a vivid imagination of the audience—their "far-away" friends—is all that is needed to make their letters come alive. "What do you think they would like to know about us and our country?" is a leading question.

The following topics from a seventh grade Civics syllabus used in Baltimore, Maryland, are admirable suggestions adaptable to any community:

"If your class belongs to the Junior Red Cross, suggest that the group correspond with children of another community, preferably another country. Bring Junior Red Cross correspondence to class. Tell the members of your civics class what your foreign friends wrote."

"On a map of your community, locate the main points of interest. Report about some of these points of interest."

"List the names of important streets, parks, or buildings. Tell for whom these places have been named."

"Make a report on First Things; that is, tell those things which your city did or used before other cities."

"Imagine yourself living in Baltimore Town two hundred years ago. Write a diary of a day spent in the

city at that time. Write a page of a diary in 1937. What differences are there? In what ways are they alike?"

"Make a booklet called Industrial Baltimore. List and describe Baltimore's chief industries."

"Make a booklet on Community Life. Illustrate and give brief explanations of the various groups man forms in living together as found in your own community."

D. Illustrations:

1. An album without illustrations would be exceedingly dull and is never acceptable. The illustrations may be:

Original drawings and designs to fit the letters

Snap shots taken by the pupils

Scenic postcards

Flat hand-work of any kind

Costume paper dolls dressed either with paper or cloth dresses

Pressed flowers or leaves protected with cellophane

Many other things suggested in the school correspondence pamphlet

If clipped pictures are used, they should be chosen very carefully and have a distinct relationship to the letters. They are least likely to make a good album.

2. Things that cannot be mounted in an album (nature study collections, miniature models, a doll) may be packed separately and sent along with the album of letters explaining them. Whatever illustrations are used, their meaning and relationship to the album should always be kept clear by captions and references in the letters.

E. Duration of Correspondence:

Full value from the activity cannot be gained if it is undertaken too casually and is not carried on long enough for the benefits to be realized. It is asked, therefore, that at least two albums a year shall be sent to each country with which the school is corresponding and that each partnership shall be continued at least two years. This gives time for exchanging considerable information and building a genuine sense of acquaintance.

The albums may, of course, be prepared by different groups within the same school; for instance, by a sixth grade this year and another sixth grade under the same teacher next year. They should not, however, repeat the same material. If a memorandum is kept of the contents of each album, some new material of interest can be developed in each succeeding album.

If questions are included these will draw back from friends of other countries an interesting development and your school will acquire some really valuable source material for future classes to use.

It is better to make small and not too elaborate albums, and send them oftener than to wear out the project in the course of making the first album. And it is not necessary to wait until you receive a reply before beginning on a second album.

Besides the two albums a year for two years, there should also be a letter of acknowledgment sent at once when a reply album is received, so that your correspondents may not be anxious about whether their work has arrived safely.

If the reply is unduly slow, it is an excellent idea for the children themselves to write a letter of inquiry saying that they are very eager for an answer and hope that they will hear soon. This is often more effectual in speeding things up than the form card sent by headquarters offices.

Any school may have contacts with more than one country at the same time as long as the full obligation towards each is fulfilled.

Christmas Boxes

A list of suggested gifts for Junior Red Cross Christmas boxes is given on the September page of the PROGRAM. Notice especially suggestions for things that might be made by the pupils themselves; such as, bags for marbles or jacks, tiny albums of local snapshots, handkerchiefs, guest towel sets, crocheted wash cloths, crocheted purses. If pupils do not yet have

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Fitness for Service for September

Living Intelligently

THE key note for the Fitness for Service section throughout this year is "Better health through intelligent living." As usual the major points of personal hygiene will be developed around this center. As usual, also, the emphasis is placed on one's social responsibility to improve the sum total of health in his own community and throughout the nation and the world.

This month the emphasis is on personal cleanliness. For young members or older ones, these points may be stressed:

1. Bedtime is an excellent time for a special clean-up—a relaxing bath possibly; at any rate washing hands, face, ears, neck, and knees. Time taken to clean finger nails at bedtime will save some of the morning rush.
2. After the last meal at night and after breakfast in the morning are good times for brushing teeth.
3. Before breakfast and other meals, another general clean-up is necessary—washing hands, face, brushing hair.
4. At least twice a week, an all-over soapy bath is essential.
5. At least every two weeks, a shampoo.

There are two principal reasons for cleanliness,—sanitary and aesthetic. For sanitary cleanliness, the most important single habit is that of washing the hands before eating and after evacuation. The bath, shampoo, brushing teeth, etc., are essential for cleansing away dead tissue, removing perspiration, and foreign matter, and for stimulating circulation.

The aesthetic values are important psychologically and socially that one may be agreeable company for oneself and others.

A clean environment is necessary from both standpoints. Dirt and untidiness encourage vermin, insects, and other disease carriers. Cleanliness is one of the first essentials of beauty in one's surroundings and helps build habits of good personal hygiene.

Preventing Accidents

In accident prevention, there must be an attack on two points:

- (1) We must examine our surroundings to correct causes of accidents.
- (2) We must examine our own habits and correct causes within ourselves—inattention, silly recklessness, ignorance.

An Advance in Public Health

The August, 1937, issue of the *Country Gentlemen* had a fascinating article, "The Rise and Fall of Pellagra" by Paul de Kruif, about the remarkable advance in cure and prevention of pellagra resulting from the Red Cross disaster relief after the floods of 1927. Reprints of the article are available free upon request. Classes in social studies and in any phase of health work will welcome this exciting narrative of the practical application of scientific knowledge to life conditions.

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skill enough to make gifts neatly and artistically, it is better to include only toys that are bought.

The instructions given on the mimeographed direction sheet are quoted below:

If desired, a card with no postage attached, addressed to the school filling the carton may be enclosed as a means of securing acknowledgment from abroad. It should be remembered that United States postage will not carry mail from a foreign country.

What Not to Send:

Avoid articles easily broken in shipment. Do not send candy, fruit, nuts, cake, food or other perishables; nor perfume or other liquids likely to spill or run. Toy pistols, guns, cannon or soldiers must not be sent.

Articles too large to go into the cartons furnished cannot be accepted.

Caution:

There has been complaint in the past that soiled hair ribbons, handkerchiefs and ties, torn and dirty books, broken toys and other objectionable articles have been placed in the boxes, causing embarrassment to the Junior Red Cross and marring the spirit and purpose of the gift boxes. Never send any used or soiled gift. Send nothing you would not give to your friends at home. All boxes must be inspected carefully before shipment.

Care should be exercised to see that no box is filled until it bulges as this makes packing in shipping cases very difficult. See that the contents do not shake about in the carton.

Shipping Instructions:

In packing cartons for shipment either by parcel post, express or freight—

Mark on outside name and address of shipper and number of cartons enclosed

Prepay freight or express charges

Send bill of lading or express receipt to Davies Turner and Company, at above address

Cartons must be delivered to the local Red Cross

Chapter so as to reach New York or San Francisco not later than October 25 to insure shipment to the following countries and insular possessions in time for

Christmas distribution:

Austria	Greece	Roumania	Hawaii
Belgium	Hungary	Danzig	Philippines
Bulgaria	Japan	Yugoslavia	Puerto Rico
Czechoslovakia	Latvia	Alaska	Samoa
Estonia	Lithuania	Canal Zone	Virgin Islands
France	Poland	Guam	

Boxes cannot be accepted for specially designated countries. Packing and distributing facilities here and abroad make this impossible.

Schools of the Eastern and Midwestern Areas should all address their boxes to the American National Red Cross, c/o Davies Turner and Company, 32 Moore Street, New York.

Schools of the Pacific Area should send their boxes directly to the San Francisco office, Civic Auditorium, Larkin and Grove Streets, San Francisco, California.

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Home Life:

"The Girl Who Wouldn't Read," "The Courage of Michael de Ruyter," "Alice and the River," "The Unwise Owl"

Problems of Democracy:

"Behind the Scenes"

Social Cooperation:

"The Franklin Tree," "Behind the Scenes," "Harvest Festivals in Poland," "From Friend to Friend," "Ideas to Share," "From Round the World"

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

September • 1937

The Girl Who Wouldn't Read

O. MAX SALISBURY

Illustrations by Frederick Machetanz

"MAIL boat!" shouted Kah-da-toon. She jumped to her feet at the shriek of a boat's siren, and looked across the water.

"I get there first!" challenged Ha-klaich, and raced for the dock followed by the three others, their flying feet rattling the loose boards of the walk.

Puffing like engines, all five lined up in a row near the end of the dock, and quickly clapped their hands over their ears as the wailing scream of the siren came again. They watched the boat come around the point and chug up the inlet to the pier, where men made it fast with heavy lines. It was the weekly boat that brought mail, freight, and passengers from the outside world to the Indian village of Klawock in southeastern Alaska.

"New teacher come," breathed Ha-klaich in a soft voice.

"Yess, see!" said Koh-day, as they watched people coming down the gangplank.

"Her hair red," volunteered Sho-doo.

"Her eyes blue," added Kah-da-toon.

"She not big like other one," commented Koh-day.

They stopped breathing just then because the red-haired lady was looking at them.

"How do you do, children?" they heard her say. They looked at her with soft black eyes shining from brown faces, but none of them moved a muscle, or said a word in answer.

They let their breath go out with a puff after she had passed. Suddenly their feet pattered, the boardwalk rattled, and their

shining bobbed hair flew in the wind as they scampered back to their play.

"Let's play school. I be teacher," announced Kah-juty. "Kah-da-toon, you read lesson about little sun-hat girl."

"Kah-da-toon can't read," laughed little Sho-doo.

"No, Kah-da-toon, she can't read," agreed Koh-day. "Why you tell Kah-da-toon to read? Tell me to read. I can read about Sun-Bonnet Baby."

"What for I read?" asked Kah-da-toon. "I don't want to read. Read don't make my stomach feel good when I hungry. What for I read?"

"Cause—cause—cause everybody reads," answered her playmates.

"My grandmother don't read," parried Kah-da-toon.

"Your mama reads," retorted Ha-klaich.

"Your papa reads," added Sho-doo.

"I don't care. I don't want to read," persisted Kah-da-toon. "I want to play."

"You can't play school with us," the others insisted, "because you can't read. You have to be janitor—you sweep schoolhouse."

Kah-da-toon stopped smiling and stood looking on for a few minutes, then turned away. She climbed to the top of a big stump where she could look out upon the village and the water. There was the big schoolhouse across the playground; and backed into the dense undergrowth and fallen trees on the hillside was the big, partly finished town hall where she liked to play. Above

it rose the spruce and fir-covered ridge.

There was the house where the new teacher was going to live, with the tall flagstaff standing between it and the schoolhouse. Kah-da-toon looked down on the wide plank walk that was the only street Klawock possessed.

It rambled along the shore line from end to end of the village —much of the way high on piles, under which the salt water lapped at high tide. Houses stood

along it: some on the hillside above it, and some across it on straddling piles over the water. There was Bob's Hall where they saw moving pictures once a week. There was the salmon cannery where her mother worked, and there was the store where they bought their groceries and their clothing, and nearly everything they had to have. Kah-da-toon looked beyond the houses to the blue water where the waves were rolling, and she saw gas-boats there.

The *Snowbird* was riding at anchor, and Jimmy Skinnay's *North Wind*, and Aaron's *Rabbit*. She could name every one of them, and tell who owned each one. She knew who lived in every house in the village and their clans, whether they belonged to Eagles, or Ravens, or Wolves. What did it matter if she couldn't read? She knew everything that happened in the village. She didn't need to do number work in school; she knew how much her father earned at fishing and how much the other men earned. She heard what people said and she didn't forget.

She turned and looked to where Koh-day, Sho-doo, and Ha-klaich sat on a log while Kah-juty stood in front of them the way the teacher did, and she saw Koh-day pretending to read from a big skunk cabbage leaf as though it were a book. Then Kah-juty had them stand, and they began to sing. Kah-da-toon loved to sing, but they said she couldn't play school with them because she couldn't read. She jumped off the stump and ran down the hillside. Anyway, she didn't want to learn to read, and she wasn't going to.

"Ding, dong! Ding, dong, ding, dong," rang the school bell on Monday morning. Kah-da-toon gave her little baby brother, swinging in his hammock in the kitchen, a big kiss, and tickled him under the chin so he would laugh at her. She called good-by to four-year-old Freddie and scampered off.

Along the way other children, big and little, were going to school also. When they reached the school yard they managed to get where they could see when the new teacher went from her house to the school building. It wouldn't do to be seen looking at her; so they looked at the water below the schoolhouse, or at the birds in the bushes, or the dogs chasing one another on the playground, or even at each other, but they would see nevertheless. They saw her walk bareheaded across the schoolground and enter the building.

The bell rang and they went into the primary room. Kah-da-toon slipped into a seat directly in front of the teacher's desk. But she was immediately sorry, because Miss Duncan started with her to sort out and reseal the pupils. When the teacher asked what class she was in, Kah-da-toon didn't answer. She didn't like to tell such a pretty teacher that she was still in the first grade. From the corner of her eye she saw Koh-day and Kah-juty wiggling in their seats as if they would like to tell the teacher something.

When asked her age, "Ten," she answered in the softest voice that had ever reached the teacher's ears. She felt Miss Duncan looking at her steadily for a moment, then she was told to take a seat with the bigger girls. Kah-da-toon looked at Kah-juty triumphantly, as if to say, "See! I don't have to read to get along in school!" But when the reading lesson came, she didn't feel so cheerful. She stood up because the teacher told her to, but when she was told to read, she said never a word.

"Well, Kah-da-toon, I'm waiting," the teacher prompted. "Don't you know the place?"



"How do you do, children?" she said

Still she said nothing, but several low voices breathed, "Kah-da-toon, she can't read. She go to school—she can't read." That was the truth, so Kah-da-toon sat down, but she didn't feel happy, because her pretty teacher looked surprised again.

Day after day passed and she made no effort to learn, but, while the other children were busy with their reading books or were doing number work, she sat idle. Everything interested her but her own work, and she wanted to talk all the time.

Then one afternoon, when Kah-da-toon was swinging the little brown baby brother in his blanket hammock in the kitchen at home, she heard a rap at the door. She opened it and there stood Miss Duncan.

"Is your mother home?" her teacher asked.

"Yess, in there." Kah-da-toon pointed to the adjoining room and went back to swing the baby.

Her mother sat rocking back and forth in her chair, but said nothing. The teacher found herself a seat on a chest and Kah-da-toon heard her say, "Mrs. Johnson, I don't know what to do about your girl. She is a big girl—too big to be in a class with beginners, but she doesn't learn and she won't try; so I can't put her anywhere else."

"Yess. Kah-da-toon, she go to school two—maybe three year—she don't learn—she can't read—she no good."

As the teacher looked through the open door she saw Kah-da-toon take the baby from his hammock and care for him in a very efficient manner, then feed the little one with a spoon.

"Is she much help to you?" she heard Miss Duncan ask.

"Yess. She help—she take care baby—she play with Freddie—she get food to eat—she help lot—she don't know anything, she no good," her mother answered, and had no more to say. The teacher left, wondering how a child so helpful as Kah-da-toon at home, could be so stupid as she seemed to be in school.

One Saturday Kah-da-toon and her mates, Kah-juty, Sho-doo, Koh-day, and Ha-klaich, were playing in a little open spot on the hillside. They were so interested they didn't hear Miss Duncan coming along the path, while she didn't know they were there till she heard voices. She stopped and listened. Just then they started a song she had often heard the Salvation Army sing, and when she peeped through the bushes, she saw it was Kah-da-

toon who was leading the singing. The song ended. Kah-da-toon announced, "Let us pray." She closed her eyes, lifted her face towards the sky and began, "Oh, good Ke-an-kow, we are your little children. We do many bad things. We don't study our lessons. We talk in school. We make teacher sorry. Oh, Ke-an-kow, be good to your children and make them good. Amen. Now let us sing 'Nearer My God to Thee,' then Sister Katassi will tell us about her sins."

While they were singing, Miss Duncan slipped away without their knowing she had been there.

On Monday morning Miss Duncan said, "Children, this morning a little boy came to my desk and his hands were so dirty I didn't want him to touch me. Then a little girl came and her neck was dirty. Now we don't want dirty children in our room, do we?"

"No!" they all chorused.

"Well, I've thought of something interesting we can do," she told them. "First, we are going to march. Johnnie Snookum is the biggest boy, so he can be leader of the boys, and Kah-da-toon can lead the girls. Let's all stand, and I will show you what to do." She showed them carefully just what she wanted them to do, then told them, "Follow your leaders and we will keep time for the marching by clapping our hands like this. Let's go!"

Johnnie and Kah-da-toon marched as they had been shown, and when they stopped, the boys were lined up in one row and the girls in another.

When Miss Duncan asked if they liked to march, they all answered with nods and a chorus of "Yeses."

"All right. I'm glad," she said. "Now we will do something else. Johnnie and Kah-da-toon are the leaders; so I want them to go along their lines and look at each child's hands and ears and neck and see if they are clean. Johnnie, (Continued on page 25)



She said never a word

The Franklin Tree

ELSIE SINGMASTER

Illustrations by Howard Pyle

SOME of the readers of this story doubtless live in or near Philadelphia and have visited John Bartram's garden and the Franklin tree. The time to see the flowers is from the first of August until frost. There are few trees which bloom so long.

The settlers of Pennsylvania found many strange animals—porcupines and muskrats and opossums and raccoons and gigantic moose, new varieties of deer, and fierce cougars which leaped from the branches of trees on the heads of unlucky hunters. They found also plants which were different from any they knew in England. They described them in their letters, and nature students asked for more and more information.

Soon America had her own scientists, especially Benjamin Franklin, known over the world. This story is not about Franklin, however, though his name is in the title. It is about his botanist friend, John Bartram.

John Bartram was a Quaker, and more truly a Pennsylvanian than Franklin, because he was born in Pennsylvania. His grandfather and his father and uncles came from England about the time that William Penn came, and settled at Darby near Philadelphia.

He studied everything he could in the country school, and afterwards a little Latin and Greek.

When still young he inherited a farm from

his uncle, and on it learned to grow crops.

He was acquainted with many interesting people. The Quakers lived quiet, thoughtful lives, and boys and girls were accustomed to listen to the talk of their elders. John was interested in every plant and flower and insect. He must have seen Indians every day, and he learned from them about plants which could be used for medicines.

There was one question which I fancy he heard very often from his mother, "John, what is this in thy pocket? Three bulbs, one root, a—oh, John! Not a snake!" He was probably the first American boy to carry around snakes and toads.

When he was twenty-nine years old he began to realize the dream of his life. He bought land along the Schuylkill River a little above where it flows into the Delaware, and there laid out a Botanic Garden where he intended to cultivate the plants of Pennsylvania and plants which he expected to import. He designed the garden with winding paths and broad terraces, and built his house with his own hands. He carved on a stone in the wall: John * Ann Bartram, 1731.

More than two hundred years have passed, but there the house stands. For a long time it was neglected, but now it is owned and cared for

by the city. You can walk through the rooms and see Bartram's clever arrangements for the convenience of his family. He was, like



He was interested in every plant and insect

all Quakers, opposed to slavery, and he treated his colored servants with the utmost kindness.

One thing will puzzle you. Where did John's nine children sleep? I suppose the answer is that the older children had married before the younger ones were born.

By the time he built his house he had made the acquaintance of Peter Collinson, an English botanist. Collinson was a Quaker also, but unlike Bartram he was very rich. He had a garden because he was truly interested in plants. There were many other people interested because the King was laying out the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew, and they wanted to be in the fashion.

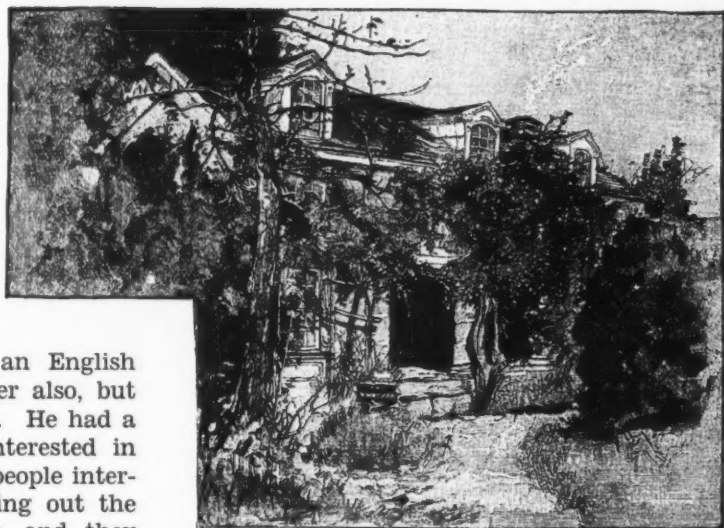
Here was Bartram's chance to add to his income and enlarge his own collection. Whether he thought of this exchange himself, or whether Collinson suggested it, he was soon sending American seeds and plants across the ocean for sale.

He never saw his friend Collinson, but they corresponded for thirty-five years. From the number of their letters or parcels there could scarcely have been a day when there was not a letter or parcel on the ocean, or being read or unpacked in London or Philadelphia. How glad Bartram must have been for his little Latin and Greek—now he could use the scientific names of plants!

There is a long list of plants which Bartram shipped to England, and which grew there. See whether you know them all—pine, fir, cedar, arbor vitae, maple, birch, oak, hickory, larch, ash, buttonwood, and walnut. Some were entirely new to the English, some were new varieties of trees they already had. Among the lovely shrubs were various kinds of magnolia and dogwood, viburnum and spirea and hydrangea, and the rhododendron, the glory of the Pennsylvania mountains.

Collinson was continually telling of his delight in Bartram's shipments. "The ferns grew finely." "The laurels all grew." "The gooseberry from Conestoga thrive well." "The butterflies are extravagantly fine."

Sometimes Collinson grieved over losses. The captains had not looked out carefully for the box of specimens, they had frozen, or they had died. Beetles had eaten butterflies, or rats had gnawed roots—miserable beasts that they were! Sometimes precious plants were



The Bartram homestead

HARPER'S

stolen on the way and never recovered.

Once Collinson wrote about an animal which had been sent him from Maryland. It was called, he thought, a "monack." It had long brown fur and it buried itself in the cellar from October till March or April. The rest of the year it ran round the house like a cat. It was—what do you suppose?—a groundhog!

Once Bartram shipped the eggs of water turtles. When Collinson took off the lid he saw a little head peeping above the ground, and the ground moving in other places. Here came eight little turtles, working their way out of their shells and scratching their eyes open with their forefeet! He said that no one in England had ever before seen this wonderful sight.

Bartram sent over fossils, shells, bird-nests, animal skins, insects—anything in short which he could ship. The insect at which Collinson was most surprised was the seventeen-year-locust. He could hardly believe that it was real. He was much interested in the snakes—was it true, he asked, that if you stared long at the rattlesnake you became sick at your stomach? This was told him, he said, by his friend Colonel Byrd of Virginia. I fancy that to stare long at a rattlesnake would make anybody sick, especially if the rattlesnake were not in a cage!

Bartram wrote about an animal which he called "a black scink." I leave you to guess what that was! Collinson asked him in return whether a "scink" was a rabbit or a squirrel or a fox.

In his lovely garden Bartram watched the

trees grow tall and welcomed great men who needed no other entertainment than his wise and interesting talk. Congress met in Philadelphia; there lived Benjamin Franklin; thither came George Washington and Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson. Washington and Jefferson were themselves famous gardeners—you may be sure that when Bartram spoke they gave him their earnest attention.

Being a Quaker, he was of course friendly with the Indians, but when they began to attack the Pennsylvania settlers and it was not safe for him to wander alone, he grew very angry, and said there was only one way to treat Indians, and that was to "bang them soundly." Once an Indian grabbed off his straw hat and chewed it to show Bartram that he would eat him if he came again.

He journeyed to the Catskill Mountains, and studied the trees and flowers. He traveled eleven hundred miles in five weeks in Virginia. When he was sixty-six years old he was appointed botanist to King George III, and now at last we are coming to the Franklin tree!

Spain had ceded Florida to England, and the King appointed Bartram to attend a conference of the Seminole Indians, and to report about the Florida animals and plants. Think what it must have meant to Bartram to see the live oaks and palms and cypresses growing in the black swamps! One day as he and his son William crossed the Altamaha River they saw a magic sight.

On the bank stood a small grove of trees covered with white flowers, either in tight buds like great pearls, or open like water-lilies, with brilliant, close-packed yellow stamens. The air was saturated with lemon-like fragrance. They were a little like some magnolias, but they did not belong to the magnolia family. They were like nothing but

themselves—so creamy white, so gold, so abundant in bloom. The ground was covered with fallen blossoms, yet there were multitudes of tiny buds.

It is likely that at once Bartram decided to name the new tree for his dearest friend, Benjamin Franklin, but it is supposed that since he returned by another route he did not see the grove again. A single specimen, perhaps brought north by William Bartram who made a second journey, was planted in the garden in Philadelphia, and another was sent to England. Fifteen years later a botanist cousin of Bartram's saw the grove.

Then, having appeared like a band of fairies, the lovely trees vanished. Perhaps settlers destroyed them, perhaps a salt tide flooded the river, and washed over the soil. Except for the plant in John Bartram's garden and the one in England, there were presently no Franklin trees in all the world.

When the British marched toward Philadelphia after the Battle of Brandywine, John Bartram died, a very old man, his death hastened by fear that his dear garden would be destroyed. After some

years the property passed out of the hands of the family. One day, a neighbor discovered that a cow had hooked the Franklin tree. He moved it into his own garden and cherished it till it recovered.

Though it is about a hundred and fifty years since the last wild tree was seen, botanists have never quite given up hope of finding another grove or even a single specimen. Rewards have been offered, expeditions have searched muddy swamps. Boy Scouts, farmers, hunters, woodsmen still are searching. I hope that some day a boy or girl may come upon such a grove as Bartram found, and watch the white flowers dancing in the breeze.

—From "Stories of Pennsylvania," Vol. 1, by Elsie Singmaster. Pennsylvania Book Service, Harrisburg.



The Courage of Michael de Ruyter

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES DUNN

IN THE land of dykes and windmills, fishing boats and tulip fields, they talk about Michael to this day. It is three hundred years since he saved up farthings to buy gingerbread, or went skating on the frozen canals. Yet he is still remembered, for the rest of Michael's name was Adrian de Ruyter. Many are the stories told of him in Dutch homes while the fire flickers and the knitting needles click. Here is one of them.

Michael's parents were poor burghers, although his mother boasted of knightly descent. They wanted Michael to learn a trade. But the sea was calling him all day, and he could not keep his feet from straying to the wharfside.

When his father talked of trade and saving, of buying a shop one day, and becoming a rich merchant at last, Michael only said that he wanted to see foreign lands. In the end they had to let him go, though they said, "You will never have a penny to bless yourself with. Your old age will be made wretched by cold and hunger in some miserable hovel by the quayside, smelling of fish and letting in the rain at twenty places."

At the age of eleven, Michael sailed as cabin-boy in a ship owned by a cloth merchant who traded with Morocco.

This seventeenth-century business man did not stay at home and preside over an office. He went to sea, and acted as his own supercargo, selling Dutch goods and buying Eastern ones himself. He was fond of saying, "Your own eyes are better than someone else's spectacles." Of course the merchant got to know the crew as well as the captain did. He did not see them merely when they came ashore to be paid; he saw them toiling in the heat of eastern seas, or clinging to the rigging in a raging storm when the rebellious canvas had to be reefed at the peril of their lives.



The former cabin boy returned to his ship

In such hours of constant stress and strain, it was easy enough to see which man was clumsy and which clever, who was lazy and who was doing his full share, who was a faint heart and who was a brave, who was weak and who could be trusted to do the work that had to be done. Before long, Michael, though still a lad, had seen a good deal of the world. Then one day, when the vessel was making ready for her annual voyage to Africa, a message came for him. He was to go to the merchant's house. The young sailor furbished up his weatherbeaten person as much as possible, and set off.

He found his master in bed.

"Well, Ruyter," he said, "look at me. The poor old vessel is not seaworthy."

"I am very sorry, sir," said the sailor.

"But what am I to do?" asked his master. "The people of Morocco will not postpone their great fair till I am better. My book-keeper is an old man, who would die of fright, if not of seasickness, if I sent him. Who is to be my supercargo?"

"Surely, sir," said Michael, "you can find an honest, experienced man for the purpose? There must be many such men in Holland."

"I won't have a stranger," cried the old merchant. "I have lain here thinking and thinking, whom can I trust? And I have said

to myself: That lad Ruyter is true as steel. He shall be my supercargo."

Michael was astonished, but he did not shrink from the responsibility of managing his master's money or merchandise. So the trader gave him minute instructions, which Michael promised to obey, and then, in a brand-new suit of clothes, the former cabin boy returned to the ship. He was so well liked that no one grudged him his promotion.

They reached Morocco without mishap, and Michael arranged his cloths in a booth in the market-place.

It was a wonderful sight. The booths were crowded with brilliant goods from East and West, silks and cloths, pottery and jewelry, weapons and carpets. But the gaudily dressed throng looked as gay as the wares. Here were Turks and Arabs in long robes of garish hue, and Europeans with big feathered hats, lace collars, embroidered gloves, and shoes trimmed with rosettes. People of all complexions swarmed to and fro, on foot, in litters, or on mules. Some carried wine, wine skins, or baskets of glowing fruit; some were attended by slaves with big feather fans. Above this lively scene was the deep blue African sky. Not far off were the masts, the crying sea-birds, and the smell of salt. Michael was glad

that his lot had not fallen in some shop at home.

All at once there was a great stir in the crowd. Excited voices whispered, "The Bey is coming; the Bey is coming!" Michael stood on tiptoe to see him. Soon the people divided; the prince and his retinue were passing by Michael's very booth—nay, they were stopping before it, and the prince was pointing at a piece of cloth hanging in front of the stall.

Michael carried it to him. While the Bey examined the stuff Michael examined the Bey. This man was an absolute despot, set above the law, who did exactly what he liked with everything and every person in his country. What must it feel like to be so powerful?

The Bey asked what the cloth cost; and when Michael told him, he said, "I will give half."

"Sir," said Michael, "I cannot take less than the price my master fixed. He is an honest man, and he has not asked more than the true value of the stuff. Indeed, sir, the price only allows him just profit."

"I will give half," repeated the Bey in a louder tone.

"It is not mine," said Ruyter, "and I must not sell it, except at my master's price."

The Bey's amazement and anger burst forth. "Your life is in my power," he cried.

"That is true, sir," said Michael quietly. "But I shall be faithful to my master, whatever it costs. You can kill me, but you can not make me break my promise to him."

There was a pause, in which everyone held his breath and waited for the Bey to give some cruel order to his slaves. But in a moment they heard him speak in cold, quiet tones: "Thou shalt reflect till tomorrow."

Then the royal procession swept on.

The other foreign merchants buzzed around Michael like a swarm of terrified bluebottles.

"Give him the cloth," they cried. "He will have it in the end, and your stupid head, too. This is not Holland. There is no justice here. And if he is angry with you he may visit his wrath on the rest of us also. Would your master rather men should die than that his cloth should be sold at a loss?"

Michael said quietly, "If a man is not true in little things, he is not true in great ones."



"It is still the same price"

Despite all they could say he would give them no promise of surrender, but turned to attend to his customers as though nothing were the matter.

Next day there was the same stir in the market-place, and the crowd parted to make way for the Bey with his slaves and courtiers. But a murmur of horror went around when the people recognized the familiar figure at his side—a tall Negro clothed in red and carrying a great scimitar. He was the public executioner. The Bey, then, meant to slay the rebel foreigner in his own booth!

The Bey stopped, glared at Michael, and asked: "What price is the cloth?"

"It is not cheaper, sir," answered Ruyter. "If you want my life, you can have that for nothing; but for the cloth you must pay my master's price."

"By the beard of the Prophet," cried the Turk, and people wondered when they saw him smile as he thundered out the sacred oath. Then he threw on the booth a heavy purse.

"There is the price of thy cloth," he said. "It shall make me a robe of honor. Never did I meet truer servant. Would I had men like thee about me—thou noble infidel!"

—Reprinted by permission from *The Children's Pictorial*, London

Behind the Scenes

At the Constitutional Convention in 1787

GERTRUDE HARTMAN

IT WAS May, 1787. In the quiet Quaker city of Philadelphia, in the stately red brick building fringed with green grass at Sixth and Chestnut Streets, known to us today as Independence Hall, were assembling a notable body of men.

With the signing of the treaty of peace in 1783, the thirteen Colonies had won their independence from England. During the Revolutionary War the Continental Congress had drawn up a plan of government for the newly-born nation called the Articles of Confederation. But this first government proved to be very unsatisfactory. Under the Articles of Confederation, the states were loosely joined together and the central government had no real power.

The framework of government was very simple. There was a Congress consisting of only one house. There was no President; Congress merely chose a presiding officer from among its members. There was no Vice-President and no judicial department of the government. Congress was given certain powers, but it could not enforce its decisions. If a state did not wish to carry out the proposals of Congress, it disregarded them.

During the years of the Revolution, the Colonies had been united in a common cause, but when independence was won the people of the various states had little to unite them.

They had been settled by different kinds of people, they had different manners and customs, different interests, different religious beliefs. Each state was like a separate little commonwealth, and jealously guarded its independence.

The financial condition of the country had become desperate. Prices soared. Debts piled up. The farmers, especially, were suffering. Many of them had mortgaged their farms during the war and were in danger of losing them.

Throughout all this trouble the government was helpless and many people believed that the new nation would soon go to pieces. Washington wrote to one of his friends at this time: "I predict the worst consequences from the half-starved, limping government, always moving about on crutches and tottering at every step." It was evident to thoughtful men that something would have to be done, and in 1787 an invitation was issued to each of the states to send delegates to a convention to be held in Philadelphia to work out a more suitable form of government.

There were, in all, fifty-five delegates. Most of the leaders of the time were there. Pennsylvania was represented by the aged Benjamin Franklin. Representing New York was young Alexander Hamilton. From Virginia came George Washington and James Madison.

Most of the delegates had had experience in political affairs. Eight of them had been signers of the Declaration of Independence, some had helped to draft the constitutions of their own states, some had served in Congress under the Articles of Confederation.

Almost as soon as the convention was formally organized, Edmund Randolph of Virginia addressed the delegates, pointing out the weaknesses of the Articles of Confederation and presenting Virginia's plan for a new form of government. This plan was to occupy the attention of the delegates for most of the convention and provided the basis for much that was worked into the Constitution finally adopted.

One part of the Virginia plan almost wrecked the convention. Under the Articles of Confederation, each state, regardless of the number of people living in it, had one vote in Congress. In the Virginia plan, each state was to have representatives in proportion to the size of its population. This brought a storm of protests from the delegates from the small states, who were quick to see that if

such a plan were followed, the small states would be powerless.

"By this arrangement," said David Brearley of New Jersey, "if Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Virginia united they could make all the other states submit to their will."

"If the great states wish to unite on such a plan, let them unite," William Paterson of the same state burst out hotly, "but let them remember that they have no power to compel the other states to unite. . . . Neither my state nor myself will ever submit to such tyranny."

"It is not fair," replied Madison, defending the plan, "to allow Virginia, which is sixteen times as large as Delaware, an equal vote only."

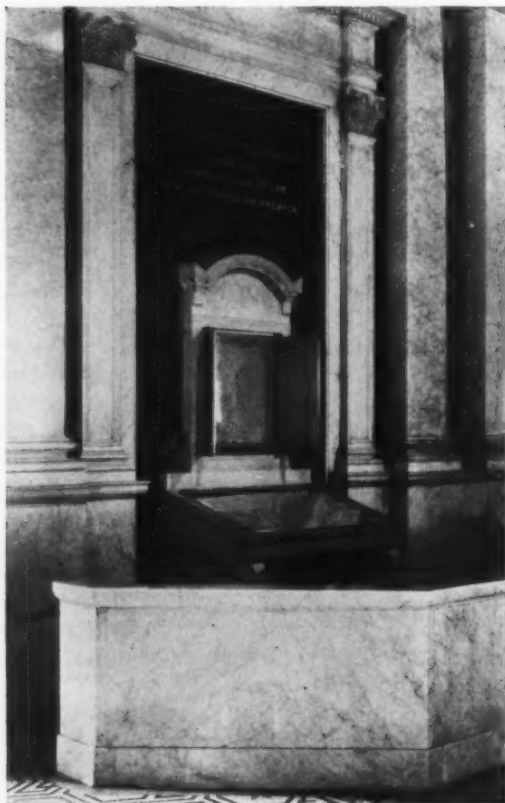
So for days the matter was argued back and forth. Then the small states gave their ultimatum that unless each state, no matter how large or how small, had an equal representation in Congress, they would leave the convention.

"You must give each state an equal suffrage or our business is at an end," declared Luther Martin of Maryland.

Gloom hung over the convention, and it seemed as if it must end in failure. But as soon as the angry delegates gave him a chance to speak, Benjamin Franklin came forward with a suggestion. "We have arrived, Mr. President," he said, addressing Washington, the chairman of the convention, "at a very momentous and interesting crisis in our deliberations. . . . It is to be feared, however, that the members of the convention are not in a temper, at this moment, to approach the subject in which we differ in spirit. I would therefore propose that the convention adjourn for three days in order to let the present ferment pass off, and afford time for a more full, free, and dispassionate investigation of the subject."

The three days' recess was taken, and on the fourth day the delegates assembled again to their task with their unfriendly feelings gone. It was then decided to appoint a committee to study the question. This committee reported in favor of a compromise providing that the number of members in the house of representatives be in proportion to the population of each state, and that in the senate each state should have two members regardless of its size. This plan was finally accepted.

Day after day, for more than four months of a very hot summer, the delegates met, and, bit by bit, the framework of the new govern-



The Shrine of the Constitution at the Library of Congress

ment was built up. The Articles of Confederation had failed because the government was too weak. It was the object of the delegates to the convention to provide a government strong enough to compel obedience to its authority. But how strong was it to be? That was the great question. Madison expressed the difficulty thus: "In framing a government which is to be administered by men over men, the great difficulty is this: you must first enable the government to control the governed, and in the next place oblige it to control itself."

The framers of the Constitution agreed with Madison that "the accumulation of all powers—legislative, executive, and judicial—in the same hands, whether of one, a few, or many, and whether hereditary, self-appointed, or elective, may justly be pronounced the very definition of tyranny." So they divided the government into three branches, the legislative, the executive, and the judicial, and each part was to act as a check upon the power of the others.

The authority of the central government was to be limited by defining, as far as possible, the powers conferred upon it. Among them were to be such powers as regulating foreign and domestic commerce, coining money, levying taxes, establishing postoffices, declaring war, and so on. Yet the framers of the Constitution realized that the nation would change as years went by, and that if the government created by them could not meet the conditions of later times, it would be a hindrance rather than a help to national development. For this reason they granted power to Congress, the law-making branch of the government to "provide for the general welfare" of the country and "to make all laws which are necessary and proper." These elastic phrases in the Constitution have made possible legislation of a wide diversity as the government, through the years, has attempted to meet the problems of a rapidly expanding nation. Provision was also made for changes to be made in the Constitution by amending it, whenever it was evident that the majority of the people wanted it changed.

On September 17, the weary delegates met



WIDE WORLD

In September, 1787, a messenger on horseback took a copy of the new Constitution from Philadelphia to the Continental Congress in New York. The photograph shows Acting Mayor Brunner of New York, receiving an invitation to the 150th celebration of the event from a rider from the Quaker City

for the last time. After months of anxious toil their work was done. The last article in the Constitution provided that it should go into effect when it had been ratified by nine states, and by June, 1788, the necessary nine states had ratified it, and it became the law of the land by which we have been governed in the hundred and fifty years which have rolled into history since then.

Tremendous changes have come into the world since the days when the Constitution was made. Then our country was a small, simple, agricultural nation. Today it is an immense, complex, industrial nation. These new conditions have brought tremendous problems for the government to solve. Is the Constitution, made in those early days of the country, adequate for the changed conditions under which we live today? That is the question which, in one form or another, will come up again and again, in the years to come. To answer it wisely, we must know the Constitution and its relationship to our daily lives. We must know what benefits it gives us, and what we should lose if we did not have it. It is only on the basis of such knowledge that we can hope to find solutions in line with American ideals for the great problems before us.



BY ZOFIA STRYJEŃSKA

Harvest Festivals in Poland

MIECZYSLAW WARGOWSKI

BECAUSE Poland is such an agricultural country, the beginning and end of the harvest were always considered as "holidays of summer," and were celebrated very solemnly. They were and still are "days of joy," because good crops represent the wealth of the husbandman, the village, and the entire country.

Harvest festivals in their old form are almost forgotten. Every year, however, in our President's summer residence at Spala, the celebration of a harvest festival contributes much to the preservation of our old traditional customs. The harvest festivals at Spala assemble many landowners and farmers who present wreaths of grain, symbols of the husbandman's work, to the President, the first husbandman of Poland.

Harvest festivals usually take place on the large estates, but in the provinces of Pomorze and Mazowsze they are also observed in villages.

First of all the villagers arrange a "quail" in the field. To do this, they leave a small part of the wheat uncut, divide it into three parts, plait it, and tie it at the top with a ribbon. On the ground, under this cluster, they place a piece of bread, some salt, and a coin. These are the symbols of the wealth of the husbandman. The "quail" is then cut down and given to the owner of the estate.

The girls choose for a "fore-girl" the one who has done the best reaping. They go to her house, where they make a wreath of wheat, flowers, and ribbons.

Then the "fore-girl," with the wreath in her hand, goes to the landowner's house. She is

followed by another girl bearing the "quail," and then come all the reapers in grand procession. The village band, usually composed of three men, marches at the end of the procession. Songs are sung from time to time. At the entrance to the courtyard, the servants of the landowner pour water upon the "fore-girl" to insure rain for the coming year.

Singing the song, "We are bringing good crops," the group approaches the house, on the steps of which the landowner, his family, and servants are waiting. The landowner takes the wreath and the "quail," offering the bearers some money, and invites all the reapers to the evening party. At the party, the master of the house opens the dance with the "fore-girl," and the mistress of the house with one of the reapers.

The harvest festival takes place on August 15, in the region of Cracow. On this day the "fore-girl" takes the wreath to church, and the priest sprinkles it with holy water.

"Welcoming the new bread" was a custom observed in Cracow in olden times. The first loaf to be baked from the new crop was carried by the mayor of the city to the King, who went in person to the castle gate to receive it. When the capital was changed to Warsaw, the custom was observed there for a long time.

Even through the long years of Russian rule the harvest festivals were held regularly in Poland, because the peasants believed that the spirits of their ancestors were floating over the fields, and blessing the ground which they had won from the forests centuries before.

—*Polish Junior Red Cross Magazine.*

Something to Read

For Keeps

GERTRUDE E. MALLETT

Doubleday, Doran \$2.00 (Ages 12 to 14)

IF YOU ever thought of life on a ranch as uneventful, this book will quickly give you a different impression.

Jack Kendall and his sister had different ideas from the neighbors in the matter of farming. The neighbors considered Jack impractical, and he thought them old-fashioned. The values of horse farming versus power farming may not sound like exciting matter for a novel, but in this book the question really is exciting. And then there are even more dramatic aspects of farming on the "lazy K." A ruined alfalfa crop, a charming but impractical uncle, the sale of a drawing, and a forest fire alternately raise and destroy the hopes of the two young farmers.

Nancy, with her impatience and enthusiasm, her art work and her jam, is a very attractive person; so is her stubborn brother Jack, her more stubborn friend Bart, and her serene mother, all of them the sort of people that anyone would enjoy knowing.

The Book of Zoography

RAYMOND L. DITMARS

J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.00 (Ages 6 to 12)

NEXT to a trip to the zoo, which everyone enjoys, reading Dr. Ditmars book is most fun. In fact, anyone would enjoy the zoo much more after reading the book. It tells about a great many animals that have never even been seen in a zoo, because they are too rare, or too hard to catch. And the pictures and maps by Helene Carter are very interesting and beautiful, too. The seas are full of strange-looking fish, and monkeys hang and swing from the equator.

One interesting animal lives in India. It is called a mongoose, and it is the only animal that can catch and kill the deadly cobra snake. It is only about twice the size of a rat, but it is so quick and agile that the snake can never strike it. It seems to enjoy picking a fight with a cobra. It dashes around the

rearing snake in a circle, darting back when it strikes, and watching for its chance to spring. When the chance comes, it darts in, and catches the cobra by the back of its neck.

Borneo is the place for monkeys. One of the largest of these is the orang-utan. You can see one in almost any

zoo, but there are quantities of odd smaller monkeys in Borneo. Another animal that lives there is the flying lemur. It is a good deal larger than a squirrel, and has big folds of skin at its sides which it can stretch out flat, making a kind of parachute that enables it to make long glides from tree to tree. One of the queerest animals in Borneo is the mouse deer. It is really a good deal larger than a mouse, but when it is fully grown, it is only the size of a little dog, and weighs six pounds.

Australia has a whole world of animals that are different from those found anywhere else. These are the marsupials, or animals that have a little pocket of skin to carry their babies in. Australian animals seem to be masquerading, because while there are no true dogs, cats, rodents or wolves, there are animals that look very much like dogs, cats, rodents, and wolves, except that they have little pouches of skin under their bodies. They are not really related to the other animals. Perhaps the strangest example is a pouched animal that looks exactly like a mole, though no true mole lives anywhere in Australia.

Nearly everyone has seen a kangaroo, but not everyone knows that kangaroos range all the way from large ones that stand as tall as a man, to little ones no larger than a rabbit. When a large kangaroo runs, he can go faster than a running horse. When he is frightened, he can jump as much as twenty-five feet, and a hunted specimen is recorded as having leaped over a nine-foot fence.—C. E. W.



"In the North My Homeland Lies"



INDIAN AFFAIRS

An Alaskan Indian girl

ALASKA is more than twice the size of Texas. There are Eskimo, Indians, and white men among its people; there are walrus, gold, fine vegetables, delicious strawberries among its products; mining, farming, reindeer herding, fishing are among its occupations. In some parts the ice never melts below a depth of a foot or so, in others, there is very little ice or snow. Eskimo children in the government school at Elim wrote:

THIS small album tells you about our place. We hope that you will like it. We enjoyed making it.

Elim is one hundred miles east of Nome. It is on the coast of Norton Bay. There are eighty Eskimos here. The only white people are the teachers.

Our school lasts from September first to the last of April. We have two rooms in our school. There is also a small store room. We have two teachers. There are nineteen

children in the upper room and nine in the primary room. The girls make aprons, waists, handkerchiefs, pot-holders, baby bibs, and clothespin bags. Some of the girls practice the piano, and learn typewriting. The boys carve ivory, and make things out of wood. They have made ivory buttons, buckles, and watchfobs. They also made bookshelves, corner shelves, toy elephants, horses, cows, and goats. Both the boys and girls have reading, language, arithmetic, and sometimes we have a rhythm band. In our school we have an organ, a piano, two typewriters, and many nice books.

We have a church here. It is made of lumber from the southeastern part of Alaska. We go to Sunday school and church every Sunday. In the morning our teacher preaches to us, and at night the Eskimos take turns talking. The missionary comes about twice a year from White Mountain.

There is a shop here. The men work in the shop and make sleds, kyaks, Eskimo knives, skis, skates, fish hooks and harpoons, boats, and whale nets.

We have a roadhouse in Elim so the travelers can have some place to eat and sleep. Most of the travelers come in winter and travel by dog team. The road house has two dog barns near it.

We have no store here, or picture show, or landing field for airplanes. When we want to buy groceries, we either go to Golovin, or cut wood for the schoolhouse and barter it for groceries and cloth.

The games we like to play are hide and seek, baseball, football, catch, London Bridge is falling down, the farmer in the dell, double cousin, dare base, jump rope, diamond baseball, street and alley, duck on a rock, blind man's buff, ring around the rosy, marbles, and tug-of-war. In winter we like to skate and ski, and coast, too.

The little children imitate their fathers butchering reindeer and hunting seal. They play with homemade toy boats, play house, pack their dolls on their backs, and imitate their mothers at work.

All the children like to swim when it is very warm.

Other things we like to do are sing, work,

gather driftwood, go for a picnic, and drive a dog team in winter.

The sea foods that we eat are seals, white whales, walrus, salmon, tom-cod, crab, herring, mussels, greyling, and trout.

The land animals that we eat are bear, reindeer, lynx, fox (when they are fat and we have nothing else to eat), rabbit, porcupine, squirrels, ptarmigan, spruce hens, ducks, geese, and cranes.

Native plants that we eat are rhubarb, wild onions, goose tongue, wild parsnips, willow leaves, wild greens, and many kinds of berries.

Every family in Elim has a garden. We raise turnips, potatoes, carrots, cabbage, lettuce, beets, rutabagas, radishes, kale, and onions.

The men here hunt seal; get wood; hunt wild birds; make snowshoes, wooden buckets, and sleds; seine for fish; set nets for whale; butcher reindeer, and build houses out of logs.

The women sew parkas, boots, mittens, and leggings, and make waterproof jackets out of the gut of the whale and the walrus. They tan skins for clothing, cut and dry fish and meat, cook for us, and take care of the children.

We have told you all about our village. Please answer and tell us about your town. Tell us how long it takes this letter to reach you. Try to answer so we can get the letter by next May or sooner.

We hope this letter is not too long.

Our school sends best wishes to your school.

Do you have a Red Cross organization in your school? What do you do? We try to help others when we can, and keep our bodies clean so we can be healthy.

We helped paper our school teacher's kitchen, so we could earn enough money for our Junior Red Cross membership.

THE Liberty Hill School in Atlanta, Georgia, sent an album all about cotton to the government's school for Eskimos and Aleut Indians at Ugashik, Alaska. The Ugashik School said in the reply album written in the early spring:

We were very glad to get the box of cotton, and the cotton was very pretty, especially the cotton flower.

Maybe you will be interested to hear about our herd of deer. We have more than three thousand deer on Dago Creek. We have two herders, and they have to move their camps in order to get the deer something to eat.

The deer eat moss and grass, and also willow brush.

The natives here make boats out of the deerskin. We call them kumuksuks. They also make parkas out of the deer skins. The natives and Eskimos use deer skins to sleep on. They are their beds.

Every two weeks the mail plane comes here. In the winter the planes use skis to land on ice and snow. In the summer they use pontoons to land on water. The ice is very thick now. When we fish for smelt and tomcats we make holes in the ice with picks. We use a hook with a red string tied on it, and a line three or four feet long. It is great fun. In the summer we have lots of fun playing. There are lots of people here in the summer during the fishing season. The cannery puts up from ten to forty thousand cases of salmon each year.

In the winter time the men trap and hunt to make a living. They catch red fox, wolverine, cross fox, mink, land otters, and muskrats in their traps. They leave the village in the fall, and go to their trapping cabins where they live until March. Then they move back into the village by dog teams.

In the summer they fish for the canneries and earn money for supplies for winter.

THE United States bought Alaska from Russia in 1867, paying \$7,200,000 for it. We took over the land on October 18 of that year, and that is why October 18 is now celebrated as Alaska Day. The flag of the Territory was adopted ten years ago. The design was made by Bennie Benson, a thirteen-year-old boy in the seventh grade. The Dipper and the North Star are in gold on a field of sky blue. The Elim correspondents sent in their album a poem to their flag written by Marie Drake of Juneau, and a song to Alaska.

A L A S K A ' S F L A G

Eight stars of gold on a field of blue,
Alaska's flag. May it mean to you
The blue of the sea, the evening sky,
The mountain lakes, and the flowers near by;
The gold of the early sourdough's dreams,
The precious gold of the hills and streams;
The brilliant stars in the northern sky,
The "Bear," the "Dipper" and, shining high,
The great North Star with its steady light,
Over land and sea a beacon bright.
Alaska's flag to Alaskans dear,
The simple flag of a last frontier.

IN THE NORTH MY HOMELAND LIES

In the North my homeland lies,
Fairest spot beneath the skies,
Where my heart is ever turning as I roam
To the dear and simple life
Free from turmoil and from strife.
O, this land is dear Alaska and my home.

Chorus

Our land of story, we sing thy glory;
Our hearts and voices are rising to thee.
Land that is fairest, hearts that are rarest,
We crown Alaska, dear land of the free.

Tell me of a land where glows
Moonlight bright upon the snows,
Where the flowers bloom the fairest from the
loam,
Where the rivers and the rills
Blend among the mossy hills.
O, this land is dear Alaska and my home.

KAH-DA-TOON in the story lived in southeastern Alaska and was an Indian like the children in the government's school at Haines, who have correspondents in Hamilton School at Fort Wayne, Indiana. In one album Marie Warne wrote:

In our town, Haines, people are very much like those in other towns of southeastern Alaska, but Haines is very small compared to your towns down there. Some people think we live in snow houses, but we don't. Our houses are very much like yours, but maybe smaller.

Our climate is about right. In winter it is very windy and cold. The snow gets very deep. In summer it is warm. Sometimes we think it's too hot. We go in swimming.

In summer most of the Indians go to the cannery where the fish are canned. The Indians also dry fish for their own winter food. They cut them thin enough to dry in the sunshine. Indian women go picking berries. Last summer was the first time I went to pick mountain blueberries. We had to climb for about half a day or more to begin picking berries. We had to use a flat dish, for the bushes are very low. You get tired if you are not used to it. The berries are small and make very good pies. We also can them for winter. While I was up there we saw two brown bears. We began beating on our cans to scare them away. We picked about five gallons and carried them down.

LEO JACOBS of the fifth grade told about fishing and fish canning at Haines:

When school closes, everybody is glad to have vacation again and fish. When I go fishing with my father, I usually sit on top of the cabin of the boat, and count the fish. One time I helped my brother pull the net. I had to hold the net when he was taking the fish out, because the boat rocks and the net pulls back into the water. Sometimes it takes a long time to take the fish out of the net because they tangle themselves in the net when trying to get away. I've always had to oar so that the net will not get caught on the propeller. Sometimes porpoises are caught in the net, and they tear it.

The fish tender is white. Its name is *Norma*. The tender comes around to the boats every day, and collects the fish, and brings any supplies the fishermen order so that they won't waste gas going back to the cannery. The boss gives you only so much gas a week, and he will not give you any more. The men that are fishing in gas boats are supposed to be in Saturday and Sunday. They do not go out until Monday.

The women clean the fish at the cannery. One woman cuts it up. Another washes it. The women cut it into little pieces and put it into cans. When the cans are sealed shut they are piled onto wheelers. The men put them into steam in big stoves to cook for several hours. They are then ready to label and pack in boxes.

IN THE ALBUM they sent, correspondents in the Junior High School, Great Falls, Montana, pupils in the government's school at Akutan wrote:

Our school is a Russian Aleut village school. Our island isn't very big, but yet it is very nice to live on. Our village has fourteen houses and about sixty people. Twelve of the houses have electric lights, and the other two use kerosene oil lamps.

There is a nice wide bay here. Across it are beautiful mountains which are almost all white with snow now that it is fall. But in summer they are green and pretty.

I think you would like to know something about the beautiful hot springs we have on this island.

All the Aleutian Islands are in a volcanic region. That is why we have a volcano and hot springs here. They are on the other side

of Akutan Island many miles away from here. Sometimes we walk to the springs following the trail up and down hill; sometimes we go around by boat. Last summer we walked over to the springs and bathed in one of them. It was the first time some of us had ever bathed in one, and at first we were afraid to go in. In the very hot ones we cooked some fish. Some of the people use the hot springs water for medicine.

There are wild strawberries on the other

side of Hot Springs Bay. We also go there to pick grass to dry for basket weaving.

We have basket weaving on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. The girls are interested in it. On October eighteenth we had our Alaska Day program. Our mothers and fathers enjoyed it, and we thank them very much for coming to our Alaska program. We had a mothers' meeting in the afternoon, too. That evening the girls cooked a dinner and served it to our mothers.

From Friend to Friend

PAULINE J. EDWARDS

Teacher of Fourth Grade, Grant School, San Diego, California

AS CURTAIN rises, some of the children on stage are bouncing balls, others playing marbles, jumping rope, playing jacks, etc.

Mary comes up steps to stage, her arms are full of Junior Red Cross Christmas boxes.

JANE: Well, what do you have?

MARY: Boxes.

JANE: Yes, I see that, but what are they for?

MARY: These boxes are to be sent to other countries for Christmas.

BILL: What other countries?

MARY: Oh, to Guam, to Hawaii, to Samoa, and to children of lepers in the Philippines. It's too late for Alaska, but if we hurry we can still get them to children in other places.

DICK: What would you put in?

MARY: Just think a minute, what were you doing when I came in here?

JOHN: I was playing marbles. Do you suppose boys across the sea would like marbles?

MARY: Of course, boys are the same all over the world.

JOHN: I like to play marbles; so I'll buy some new ones just like mine.

TOM: Count on me for a knife!

DAVID: I like to play with small cars and airplanes; so I'll bring some new ones for the box. Robert, you might bring one of those puzzles your dad makes.

ROBERT: Sure. That's an idea.

JEROME: Say, how about little notebooks, pencils, and new erasers?

MARY: Fine, those things would be good for either a boy or a girl.

BETTY: I was just thinking, you boys have many good ideas for boys. You've mentioned marbles, puzzles, knives, pencils, notebooks, and I imagine you'll get more ideas, too.

BILL: Come on boys, let's each go and spend a nickel or a dime. We have to get these boxes off.

Boys start off stage. BILL stops and says: Oh, by the way, do we wrap these gifts?

MARY: Yes, let's use cellophane; the inspectors can see through the paper and the gifts won't have to be unwrapped.

ROBERT: Say, where do we take these gifts?

MARY: To your own school room. Maybe your room can fill several boxes. Everybody who wants to show friendliness to children far away can help fill one of the boxes.

BOYS: Good-by, we're off.

NELL: It's fun, isn't it?

JANE: Where are we going to send the boxes?

MARY: I'm interested in Guam. It's such a tiny speck on the map. But do you know that last year there weren't enough boxes to go around? I want to send a doll to a girl out in Guam. Every girl wants a doll.



Japanese Juniors unpacking Christmas boxes from American Juniors

JANE: I want to send a doll to a little girl in the Hawaiian Islands. Some children there are lepers, and I'm sure they love dolls, too.

MARY: Remember these points: (1) Buy something, (2) Buy something new, (3) Get something that won't break, (4) Get something that you would like yourself. Do you know, sometimes, soiled and broken things have been found in the boxes by the inspectors? That makes me feel ashamed for all the American Juniors.

NELL: Imagine what those children in other countries would think of us if they got horrid things in their Christmas packages from America! They would certainly be disgusted with us, and their feelings would be hurt, too.

MARY: You know, we aren't the only Juniors packing these boxes, either. Thousands of us all over the United States and in Puerto Rico, too, are sending them off. Ours in this part of the country go to Alaska and to the lands east of us. Those from the rest of the United States are sent to Latvia, and Estonia, and Austria, and other countries in Europe. For sixteen years American Juniors have made friends all over the world through these boxes.

MILDRED: I think I'll make the present I put in. How about a little crocheted handbag?

MARY: I think that's a fine idea for you, Mildred, because you do such nice work. But I don't believe it's a good plan for all of us, because some of us can't make things that are nice enough to send. You remember Miss

Edwards told us in class the other day what beautiful handwork is done by the Japanese and by children in European countries.

JANE: Who pays the expenses of shipping the boxes?

MARY: Why, Junior Red Cross members all over the United States. Don't you remember we read in the News how the expense money comes out of our National Children's Fund? If we didn't keep that up, we wouldn't have the fun of sending the boxes.

NELL: It will be nice to think at Christmas of the children who have received our gifts.

SCENE II

Girls step to one side and curtain opens. Several foreign children are playing.

FIRST CHILD: What makes you so happy?

SECOND CHILD: Why today is the day for the Junior Red Cross boxes. We might get one.

FIRST CHILD: Might is right. Don't you remember last year, there weren't enough to go around, and they had to be divided all up?

RED CROSS GIRL (comes in with arms full of boxes): Merry Christmas. Good news. A box for every one, and see how pretty they look!

THIRD CHILD: I'm going to send a thank-you across the seas to the children in America for remembering us. And let's sing our Junior Red Cross song. Even if we do live so far away, we belong to the Junior Red Cross too.



Christmas Boxes

IN September, Juniors everywhere begin to get their Christmas gift boxes ready to send to children abroad. Above is a lion sent from Latvia as a "thank you" gift for Christmas boxes. Right, Wayne County, Indiana, Juniors packing Christmas



boxes. Center, the pupils of a school in Honolulu with gift boxes sent from the West coast states. After passing around the boxes in their own school, they took the rest to a children's home. Right center, Hanako Abe of San Francisco presents "thank you" gifts from Japan. Lower right, sixth grade Juniors of the Walter Hays School, Palo Alto, California, enrolled first graders in the JRC. The first graders earned their buttons by filling Christmas boxes. Ask your local Chapter or National Headquarters how to send the boxes.





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Ideas to Share

ALL JUNIOR Red Cross members of Steele County, Minnesota, had worked on a safety unit during the year; so they decided to have a safety booth as their contribution to the county fair held last spring.

The fourth and fifth grades made booklets about safety in the home with original stories and illustrations made by the Juniors. The booklets told about the dangers of poisons, falls, cuts and wounds, fire, firearms, and electric shocks. There were warnings about the danger of practical jokes, too.

Seventh-grade classes worked together on a booklet about safety on the highways. This told in story and picture just what automobile drivers and pedestrians can do to help in keeping the highway safe.

All grades in the schools made posters about the best way to prevent accidents in the home and on the highway. Included were pictures showing how to cross streets properly, and calling attention to the dangers of hitching on vehicles, playing in the streets, and walking on the highways.

As their share, the eighth grades made a pamphlet, "In Case of Accident." After being on exhibit at the fair, copies of this booklet will be kept near the schools' first-aid kits.

AS AN intersectional exchange, members of the Hainesville School, Grays Lake, Illinois, sent an album about the soy bean to the Graymont School in Birmingham, Alabama. There was the most careful choice of material, from real samples of the soy bean and pod to government bulletins on soy bean culture, varieties, and uses. Opposite a description which the Juniors had written of the soy bean, they placed a real young soy bean plant. There were charts and maps, pictures and illustrations of all kinds—even some arithmetic problems were worked around the soy bean.

One especially interesting feature was an illustrated composition, "How Mr. Ford Uses Soy Beans." He has, according to the album, ten thousand acres

planted in these beans, and the oil which is obtained from them is used for the manufacture of a long-wearing enamel for Ford cars.

AS A PART of the celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of their town, Ames Junior High School, Dedham, Massachusetts, sent an album to correspondents in a school in Dedham, England.

A MEETING of the Morton School, Hammond, Indiana, Council is held each week during the school year. One boy and one girl representative from each room attends, from the first to eighth grades. A girl from the eighth grade represents the kindergarten, and she reports back to the kindergarteners.

MEMBERS in Westchester County, New York, sent out a questionnaire to local institutions asking how they could help with favors, gifts, and entertainments. There was a space for the name, address, and superintendent of the institution; the age and number of patients, and the facilities provided for recreation. Spaces were left for the superintendent to indicate the type of gifts most needed, whether books, magazines, cards, puzzles, toys, scrapbooks, doorstops, and so forth; and whether placecards, menu cards, greeting cards, and similar gifts would be welcomed on special days. If musical entertainments and



Help prevent accidents. Do not handle firearms



The Drum Corps of the Quapaw, Oklahoma, Grade School is the youngest in the country. All are Juniors

plays were enjoyed by the patients, the Juniors asked that the time and days most suitable be indicated, and also that information

be given about the space available for entertainments.

SAVANNAH, Georgia, schools choose a special J. R. C. service they want to undertake in addition to the routine program. For example, the Waters Avenue School brought magazines each month for families which could not afford to buy them. They were careful not to let any month lapse in order that continued stories or articles might be read through without interruption.

A FIRST AID room is being set up in the Hardin County Chapter at Sour Lake, Texas. Students who have received their First Aid certificates will be given certain hours to be in charge of the room.

From 'Round the World

HERE IS one of the many letters that pass through National Headquarters, thanking J. R. C. members of the United States for the Christmas boxes sent abroad each year. It was written by Fanny Phollien, a pupil in the Institute St. Joseph, Herstal, Belgium, and included in a "thank-you" album sent to the

Roosevelt School in New York City:

What great joy we have experienced in receiving the little package which you have sent through the Red Cross! It held many pretty gifts. The iridescent shells were wonderful. The dolls made with art have helped us to improve our sewing; and also how amusing for us to color with the aid of the splendid many-colored pastels!

We offer you this album. You will find in it varied designs in attractive colors; postcards showing the town of Liège in its splendor; a map which will no doubt interest you, as it will help to familiarize you with our small country.

Once more we thank you most heartily.

IN SAHARANPUR, India, members of the Junior Red Cross oiled places, such as pools and pits, where mosquitoes were apt to breed; then they served notices to the public about the cesspools.

The Juniors bought and distributed quinine and other medicines, too.

At the Gegal and Shakumber Devi Fairs, some of the Juniors served at First Aid stations; others took part in a First Aid demonstration and health play.



The Volkshule in Zoldekow-Camin-Land, Pommern, Germany, sent this picture of their merry-go-round to the Rudolph School in Warren, South Dakota

NOT ONLY do Juniors of the Primary School at Archontohori, Greece, look after the cleanliness of their school grounds; they repair and clean the streets of their village as well. Other helps to their school include founding a school library, making a school garden, and buying medicines for their school pharmacy.

AT A local bazar of St. Saviour's and St. Olave's Grammar School for Girls, in London, the Juniors in charge of the book and stationery stall posted this sign on a large hamper alongside the booth: "Books bought and placed here will be sent to Red Cross Hospital library." As a result, over one hundred books of all kinds were sent to the library.

JUNIORS of Bowral, Australia, have a monthly hospital day, when they visit patients and take them gifts.

LAST SPRING, Dr. Viola, who is the director of the Austrian Junior Red Cross, wrote us that certain schools in Vienna had asked for copies of the News to use in their English classes. Of course we were glad to send them,

and just as we were going to press, the following letter came in from pupils in one of the schools which received the magazines:

We were so glad to receive your parcel containing copies of the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS. It was a sign of real friendship toward us, and we beg you to believe that we appreciate your friendliness.

As we are not yet very far advanced in English, the contents of the May copy will occupy us in our English class during a whole month. The texts in our schoolbook are not bad; but your News interests us much more. We see from them how much you are doing in your country for ideas which we cherish, too.

And a pupil from another school wrote:

I thank you very much for the nice JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS. I'm studying English now for the third year, and that is why I don't find the text very difficult. But I think that you in America don't speak real English! I've found out some differences such as favour—favor, and so on, and we've heard that there are more differences in the pronunciation than in writing. In spite of it, the newspapers are really very fine, and I've read many parts of them already. The pictures also are wonderful!

Now I want to thank you once more!

The Girl Who Wouldn't Read

(Continued from page 5)

start first, and tell us what you find."

"Embert, hiss face, hiss hands clean; Joey, hiss hands clean, hiss ears dirty; David, hiss hair not combed, hiss face dirty."

Kah-da-toon's sharp eyes closely watched everything Johnnie did, and when her turn came she peeked around at the back of the girls' necks and behind their ears; turned their hands, front and back; and carefully looked at their shining black heads, most of which were bobbed. When she was through, Miss Duncan said to them, "We will march and have inspection every morning like this, and children who are not clean will go downstairs to the nurse for a scrub."

The next morning when it came time for the inspection the teacher said, "We will do something new this morning. Let us sing instead of clapping our hands. Who can lead the singing?"

"Kah-da-toon can sing—Kah-da-toon, she sing," were the whispered answers.

"Can Johnnie sing, too? That's fine! Then they can lead the march and the singing together. Now, Kah-da-toon, what shall we sing? 'The Over-all Boys?' That will be fine! Start to march and to sing at the same

time. All ready! Go!" And away they went, everyone marching and everyone singing.

After the inspection the leaders reported, "Their faces, their hands clean, every one."

Kah-da-toon was happy every day. She liked to go to school and be with the other children, and marching and singing and being leader she thought most fun of all.

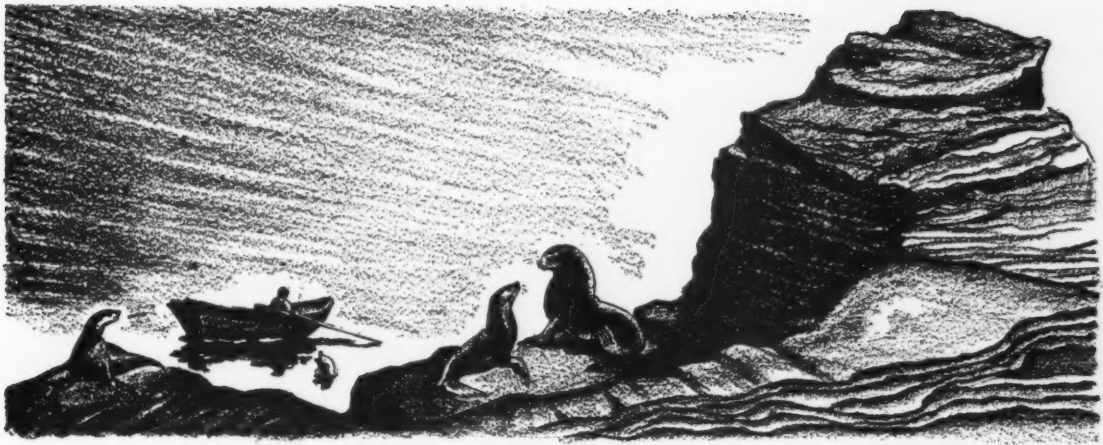
"Children," Miss Duncan greeted them one morning, "it won't do to have a leader who does not learn and won't study. Our President in Washington, who sent me here to teach you, wants every child to learn; so anyone who doesn't try has no business to be a leader. I think we shall have to find a better leader for the girls."

Suddenly Kah-da-toon stiffened and her black eyes snapped. She took her primer from her desk and opened it, and went from words on the chart to the same words on the pages of her book.

That afternoon Kah-da-toon came softly back after the children had marched from the room at the close of school.

"Teacher," she breathed, "I know those words—I can read. I read for you." And she did.

The next time the little girls played school on the log, Kah-da-toon was the teacher.



Alice and the River

Elizabeth Coatsworth

Pictures by Helene Carter

This is a story about a little girl named Alice who was very fond of animals but had none of her own. Her father thought that dogs barked a good deal and kept things in an uproar. Her mother didn't want a cat to catch the birds and scare away the chipmunks, so Alice, as I said, had no animals of her own.

Alice was a quiet child with a bang of dark hair and two small braids tied with red ribbon, who went about with her head often in the clouds. She lived with her father and mother in a little town on the coast of Maine near the sea, and twice every day the great salt tides of the ocean poured up the river on which the town was built, and spread inland like a flood of green glass, and twice every day the tides raced down the river to the sea once more. Alice was accustomed to the smell of salt water mixed with the scent of her mother's garden, and nearly every day of her life she saw the sea gulls perched on the

roofs of the brick stores that lined the main street of the village. The big square house in which she lived had been built by her great-grandfather who had been a sea-captain and sailed all the way to China. There were two shells with pink mouths at the door and the wall paper in the dining room had been captured from an English vessel sailing to the West Indies during the War of 1812. So instead of its roses and garlands appearing in a planter's house in the tropics, they shone on a New England wall.

Beyond the old orchard was a little cove, which was almost dry at low tide, and the water coming in over the sun-warmed mud flats was good for swimming. Alice had absent-mindedly learned to swim well, and she could row a small dory and scarcely be aware that she was doing it. She noticed unconsciously which way the wind was blowing and how the tides were running because she had known about them be-

fore she could read the alphabet. Everyone she knew looked at the weather vane before they so much as glanced at the morning paper. Winds and tides were part of life, like the sun and rain. Where Alice lived the land and sea had never quite stopped being neighbors.

One evening in the fall, Alice's father and mother were away for the evening. She had her supper alone, a chop and string beans, milk and brown bread and jam made from wild strawberries she had picked in the hayfield back of the orchard. The dishes she used had come from England and were part of great-grandmother Prescott's dowry. The silver spoon with the dent in it had been buried long before under a log-house doorstep when the Indians were about to attack the settlement.

After supper Alice wandered into the garden. The setting sun shone across the asters and late petunias full into the face of a moon rising very round and large over the pines of Tuesday Point. The sun and moon seemed to be staring quietly at each other across Alice. She felt rather lonely with her family away and wandered down to the cove. Without thinking about it, she saw that the tide was still running towards the sea but would soon be turning again.

Alice was an obedient child, but she was absent-minded. As she got into the dory and rattled the oars in the oarlocks she was thinking about the beginning of a poem:

"The moon on one hand
And the sun on the other;
The moon is my sister,
The sun is my brother—"

she thought it went. She was not thinking about rowing at all, nor about

her father's saying she must never go out on the river alone, nor the rules about being home before dark. Alice was dreaming as she rowed out and caught the current. It needed only a little steering on her part to be carried along swiftly by the shore edged with a white rim of boulders where pines sometimes overhung the water and sometimes fields of stubble swept upward to the horizon. Alice faced the town and the setting sun. As she half drifted and half rowed down the river the buildings grew smaller and the sun sank from sight among a great swirl of clouds like wings, very rosy. But for all their rosiness Alice felt over her shoulder the white light of the moon streaming past her. Gradually the cloud wings turned ashy and stars appeared between the feathers. Yet the cold white light of the moon grew brighter and brighter and danced on the water and lighted the leaves to a dull soft green, and shone dim red on Alice's dress.

A bend in the river hid the town. Far off she could see the wink of automobile lights like glaring beads strung along a road no wider than a thread. The lisp of the water against the sides of the dory, the kind, quiet help of the tide that seemed to have set its shoulder to the stern and to be pushing it along, kept Alice in her day dreams.

Suddenly a great heron rose from the shallow water and flew almost over Alice's head, its wings flapping very slowly, its legs trailing gracefully behind it. Alice was used to herons but its sudden presence brought her back to herself and the time and the place she was in.

"I've gone far enough," she thought



She had only to bark, and someone would throw her a fish

hastily. "I'd better get back before Olga misses me. Father wouldn't like this a bit," and she tried to turn the dory into the oncoming tide. But though a man might have succeeded, making use of the eddies along by the shore, Alice didn't have the strength. The water kept its great shoulder to the dory, like a geni which has been released from its bottle by someone who does not know the charm for putting it back again.

"The tide will turn soon," thought Alice, giving up the struggle. "Mercy! I'm almost at Seal Rocks."

Now Alice no longer moved in a dream of moonlight. She kept thinking how upset her father and mother would be if they came home before she did. In her anxious state she noticed everything; the little cool breeze that had sprung up; the chirping of the crickets from the stubble; the leaping of the fish in their widening

silver circles. A round velvet head appeared and dark eyes looked at her. Then another head bobbed beside the first, staring fixedly in her direction. She was abreast Seal Rocks and the seals too were awake. She could see them crawling clumsily along the beach or playing in the moonlit water; they seemed to take her boat for a large seal and sported about it, swimming close without any fear.

Alice knew that the clammers and fishermen sometimes fed the seals

and even took the young ones into their boats for a day. Some of them were very tame. She could only find a little bait in a pail but she threw that to the nearest and they ate it greedily.

At last the tide turned and Alice, too, turned the dory and started home. Now she faced into the moon which was much higher in the sky than it had been when she started, and smaller and brighter. It was not so magical: it was more like a bright lamp held in unseen hands. Anyway it was lighting home a disobedient little girl, and Alice was grateful to it.

Up the river went the tide from the great plains of the sea, carrying with it Alice and the dory. And behind the dory came the seals, at first all of them and finally only two or three. Alice sang to them,

"Row, row, row your boat
Gently down the stream.

Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,
Life is but a dream,"

over and over again, keeping time with her oars. At last over her shoulder she could see the lights of the town and the little bristling lights of the cars. Then she heard the bell of the red church booming ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, very slowly. Seven o'clock, eight o'clock, nine o'clock—surely it would stop now. But no—ten o'clock. Her father and mother would be wild.

She rowed hard now, adding her strength to the strength of the sea. When she thought about the seals again they were all gone but one. It was cold and a mist was beginning to rise. Alice was wide awake. When she reached the cove, she saw the house was full of lights—her family was home and looking for her. Across the still air she heard a telephone bell jangle and then the sound of a front door opening on a flood of light through which she saw a figure hurrying out towards the car.

"Father!" she called. "Father! I'm down here tying up the boat!"

Her father hurried towards her through the apple trees. In a moment he was shaking her by the shoulder.

"Alice! Alice! What do you mean? On the river at this time of night all by yourself?"

"But I wasn't all by myself," said Alice, saying anything that came into her head. "There was a seal."

Her father's eye followed Alice's small pointing finger. Sure enough, there was a round velvet head and two eyes shining in the moonlight. The seal opened its mouth and barked, rolled slowly out of sight, stuck up its head in a new place and barked again.

Her father forgot what he had been saying.

"Quick! Run up and see if Olga hasn't some fish in the icebox," he cried. And that was how Calypso (Ka-lip'-so) happened to come to the cove.

At night she slept in the boathouse, and when she was hungry she flip-flapped up through the orchard and barked for fish outside the kitchen door. But almost as much as fish she loved company and on warm days when the tide came in over the hot flats she would swim with Alice. And though of course her father and mother spoke seriously to Alice about forgetting what people told her not to do, they were so charmed with Calypso and her friendly coaxing ways that they couldn't scold very hard. And really, Alice was quite changed after that evening with the river. She was so busy playing with Calypso and with all the children who came to see Calypso that she quite forgot her old day-dreaming. Her smooth dark head with its brown bangs and small red hair-ribbons moved about as busily as anyone's. She remembered what people told her to do and not to do.

As for Calypso she grew fat and fatter, for she had only to bark and someone was sure to throw her a mackerel or a slice of fish. It was hard to believe that one young seal could ever eat all that Calypso managed to eat. But everyone was well-pleased: the greedy Calypso, and Alice and her father and mother who had a playmate from the sea, and the man with the fish-cart who stopped morning and afternoon at the kitchen door, and smiled with satisfaction as he made out his bill at the end of the month.

The Unwise Owl

Anne Linn

A very young owl lived deep in a wood.

He hooted each night as hard as he could.

He hooted long, and he hooted loud.

Of his rich, deep voice he was vastly proud!

Now this very young owl lived quite alone.

Just the *thought* of a neighbor made him groan.

He boasted "I'll hoot every night of each day,

Until I have hooted them all away!"

Then a pair of robins moved over the way.

They built a nest and prepared to stay.
Soon there were three more mouths to feed.

The owl took a look and snorted "Indeed!"

Then he hooted loud and he hooted long,
And he kept them awake, which was very wrong.

"Please hush your hooting for the babies' sake,"

Pleaded Mamma Robin, "You keep them awake!"

Said the owl, "I'll hoot every night of each day

Until I have hooted you all away!"

Papa Robin uttered a desperate cry.

"But how can we move when our babies can't fly?

Mr. Owl, we never have done you wrong.
Give them a chance to grow big and strong!"



Picture by Charles Dunn

Said the owl, "I'm not worried about their health.

I just want this part of the woods to myself!

So I'll hoot every night of every day,
Until I have hooted you all away!"

Each night he took up his serenade,
While his neighbors, the robins, tossed and prayed.

Whenever they pleaded with him he would say,

"I'll hoot and I'll hoot till I hoot you away!"

Then a storm swept through the woods one night.

"Whoo—oo!" went the wind, and the owl took fright.

"Whoo—Whoo!" he cried to the strange competition,

But again and again came the repetition!

"Whoo—oo!" went the wind, and "Whoo—Whoo!" from the owl.

All night he tried to hoot down that howl!
In the morning the robins had cause to rejoice,

For they found that the owl had lost his voice!

Now all can enjoy a good night's rest
Since he challenged the wind and came off second-best!

The Woodpecker and the Giant's Shoe

Mae Keeler Smith

Pictures by Sisko Thomas

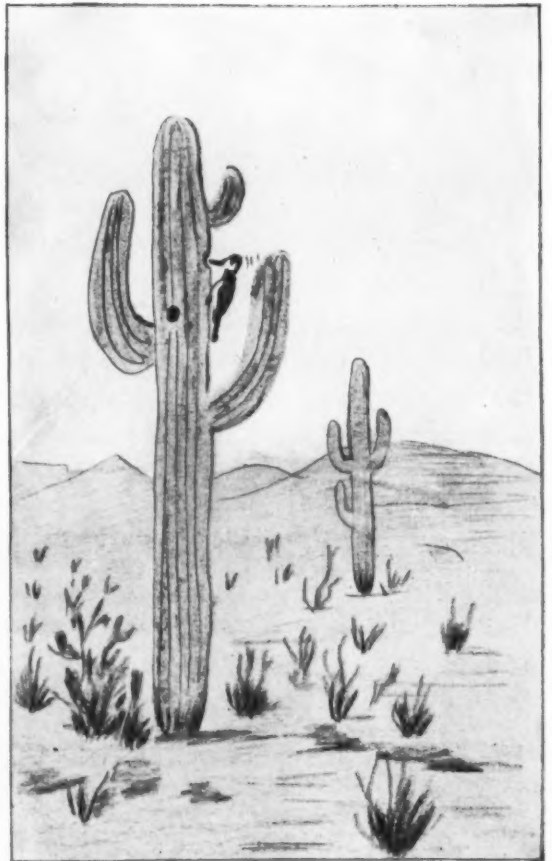
There are not many trees on the desert in southern Arizona; oh, of course, there are the mesquite trees, and the ironwood, and the palo-verde, and along the little streams are cottonwood trees, but the woodpecker is somewhat out of luck on the desert. That is, he would be out of luck except for the giant cactus.

Most of these giant cacti are hundreds of years old; so they are very much at home on the desert. They are sturdy and strong, sometimes growing to a height of thirty feet or more. They are protected by sharp thorns which grow in rows up and down the cacti.

Sandstorms and drought disturb the cactus not at all, for it has strong roots which run down deep into the ground, and collect moisture which is stored up in the pith of the giant stalk.

The woodpecker, looking for a place to build his nest, finds it easy to peck a hole in the giant cactus. When the hole is made deep and roomy enough, the nest is made of little sticks and such grass and feathers as the woodpeckers can find.

But this would be a moist place for a nest if the cactus did not do its part to help.



The woodpecker finds it easy to peck a hole

When the cactus is "wounded" it sends out a gummy sap which heals over the wound and dries into a hard wall around the woodpecker's nest.

Here the baby birds are reared in safety. No snake or hawk can reach them in their nest in the heart of the giant cactus.

Occasionally, in crossing the desert country, we find one of these giant cacti which is dead and lying on the ground. Almost always we will also find that the stalk contains one or more woodpecker's nests which, because of their shape and size, are called "Giant's Shoes."



The nest

The Program Picture

SATURNINA of Sicily is putting on her best kerchief because she is going to a festival in Palermo.

The carnival is in full swing and Saturnina's big sister will take part in a dancing contest on a raised platform in the square before the cathedral. What if Laura should win a prize! The bagpipes will skirl for the dancing, and there will be cakes and wine, perhaps iced! Who knows?

So the whole family will crowd into the high, two-wheeled cart every inch of which is painted with pictures and gay borders, and they will rattle down the mountainside behind Guido, the tough little donkey that takes part in all family doings. Guido, too, will wear his best, a tufted headdress and a harness with brass studs and scarlet tassels.

—A. M. U.

Write to Us

WE WANT more letters from our readers. We want to know what you like in your NEWS. And we'd like to get some of the poems, stories, and drawings that you have enjoyed making. This month the magazine comes to you with some changes in its looks. Do you like them? One of the best type men in the United States, Mr. Lester Douglas, of Washington, D. C., made the new design of the NEWS for you.

Speaking of covers, one of the most popular last year was that on the April issue, the one Helene Carter did of two lizards on the jack-in-the-pulpit. Sixth graders in the Avery School at Webster Groves, Missouri, liked it so well that some of them made up poems. Here are two of them:

A LIZARD'S ADVENTURE

Gene Keltner

Lizards like adventure,
Lots of it you know.
They crawl through the forest,
Where the pulpits grow.
They climb up the stem
And on to the head
And take a look around
Before they go to bed.
You funny little Lizard,
You are so very cute
With your very long tail
And your pointed little snoot.

THE LIZARD AND THE JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

Frances Jo Tracy

Lizard, Lizard,
Do you like your bed
On the top of
Jack-in-the-Pulpit's head?

Lizard, Lizard,
With your scaly back,
Are you coming up
To have a chat with Jack?

Lizard, Lizard,
Look beneath you!
Your little green brother
Is coming up too!

And this story came from Miss Edith Arlen, teacher of a kindergarten class in Clinton, Iowa, who sent it when she wrote asking for our Christmas play for younger children, "Santa's Helpers":

We join the Junior Red Cross every year, and I try to help the children understand that by joining, they help other children who are in need of help. I was reading to the children about how Grandpa Bushytail fell into a hollowed gatepost when he was looking for nuts and couldn't get out because the wood was so rotted away. Then a friendly snake came along, crawled to the top of the post, wrapped his tail around the squirrel, and pulled him out. Bobby said, "That was a Red Cross snake, wasn't it?"

American
Junior Red Cross
NEWS

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Accidents Will Happen

This is one of a series of posters gotten out by the Swiss Automobile Club in a Safety campaign.

It pictures a number of accidents about to

happen as a result of tangles in the village traffic.

In each case a foolish risk has been taken.

How many accidents will happen?

